Fluffy Baby

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Fluffy Baby

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will is dumped from heaven straight to the torcher chamber of the devils right hand Hannibal Lecter

Notes

Angels are gender fluid and the children created more or less choose their second parent (and gets genes from them). Since Will builds such a strong connection with Hannibal the child chooses him as the second parent.

Breeding season is both a gift and a curse in the angel world. Every angel unmated angel is hunting for a mate and every mated angel is to busy fucking to care about anything else. Most mated pairs followed the human standard of a "male" and "female" to create new life, but their was an exception to every rule. Will just happened to be that.

About two months after mating season ended his stomach began to expand to accommodate the small life growing inside him. Will had managed to become pregnant without being mated and by another "male" angel. He was double screwed if anyone found out, which they did, and he was banished to hell to be killed by the ruthless demon Hannibal.

Hannibal, according to many roomers, was the devil's right hand man. He killed without mercy, without empathy, without remorse. Some Angels he preferred to play with before he killed other not so much. So when Will was dropped into a cage and didn't even make an effort to escape. Hannibal was intrigued, to say the least. Will sat against the back wall of his cell and rubbed his stomach almost thoughtfully until he noticed Hannibal standing in front of him watching him. Will covered his stomach with one wing- the other broke when he fell from heaven.

"Don't worry I don't plan on killing you," Hannibal leaned up against the wall opposite of the cage. Will looked the man over, sleek blondish brown hair, clean three peace suit, and shiny black dress shoes. He was very handsome, Will had to admit.

"Why not?" Will finally asked. Hannibal laughed, "Because I don't think you belong down here. What did you do anyway?"

Will pulled on his broken wing picking the molting feathers out of it as a distraction for his hands, "I got pregnant, unmated and by another "male" angel"

"That doesn't sound much like a crime to me," Hannibal replied, "Come with me, let's feed you"

"Okay," Will climbed to his feet while Hannibal unlocked the cell. Hannibal opened the door and outstretched a hand. Will laughed before taking the offered hand and stepping down from the cage.

"Anything you'd like in particular..." Hannibal trailed off, "I'm sorry, I forgot to ask your name."

"Will, Will Graham," The angel laughed. Hannibal smiled, "Will. What would you like to eat, Will?"

"Anything you want to cook," Will couldn't help but smile back. Hannibal notice that one of Will's wings limply trailed behind him, "Would you like me to look at that?"

"But, demons don't have wings how do you know what your doing?" Will looked back at the offending wing. Hannibal laughed, "I'm very educated in both angel and demon anatomy. At the very least I could keep it from getting worse"

"Oh, okay," Will picked up his wing so it didn't drag behind him. Hannibal lead him to a grand kitchen that was surprisingly empty. Hannibal motioned for Will to sit on a stool. Will sat and watched the demon cook, mouth watering when the scent wafted his way. When Hannibal was done he placed a dish in front of Will as well as a fork, "Protein scramble with bacon and sausage."

"Smells delicious," Will grinned. Hannibal waited for him to take a bite and laughed as Will scooped a huge forkful in his mouth. Will smiled around the fork, "It's delicious"

"Good, now eat up." Hannibal laughed and tried some himself. They ate in comfortable silence. Will rinsed his bowl in the sink when he finished and rubbed his stomach happily. Hannibal rinsed the dishes and set them in the dishwasher.

"May I look at your wing now?" Hannibal approached Will. Will nodded. Hannibal carefully lifted it up and ran a hand along the top bones trying to feel for brakes. Will made a quiet whimper when Hannibal touched a certain spot. Hannibal ran his hand over it again -it was completely snapped- and Will reached back to try and smack his hand, "Ouch!"

"My apologies," Hannibal said, "On the positive side it's fairly easy to fix but it's gonna hurt."

Will sighed, "Fix away"

Hannibal grabbed a large roll of bandage to secure the wing when he was done. Hannibal grabbed the two sides of the bone, "Deep breath"

Will took a deep breath at the same time Hannibal pulled the two pieces apart and locked them back together. Will let out a loud scream. Hannibal folded the wing and wrapped the bandage around it. When he finished he stepped around to Will's front, "Are you okay?"

"No, that hurt like a bitch," Will wiped his eyes. Hannibal spread his arms and Will buried his face in Hannibal's chest. Hannibal wrapped his arms around the smaller man and rubbed his back, "Would you like to lay down for a bit?"

"Yes," Will sighed so quietly Hannibal almost didn't hear it.

"Follow me, please," Hannibal smiled. Will took Hannibal's hand and followed him up the stairs to a large bedroom decorated in black and red. Hannibal motioned to the bed and Will curled up in the middle of the bed. With one wing spread over him like a blanket. Hannibal pulled the blanket over Will, "I believe this works better"

Will pulled the cloth up to his neck and made a happy noise, "What is this thing?"

"It's called a comforter," Hannibal sat at the foot end of the bed, "Is there no blankets in heaven?"

"No, we sleep inside a cloud for warmth," Will looked at him like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Hannibal laughed, "You angels are strange creatures"

Will pushed on Hannibal's thigh with his foot, "Oh, yes, and your so normal."

Hannibal grabbed Will's foot and tickled it. Will kicked at him with the other foot.

"Stop! Hannibal! I'm gonna pee my pants!" Will gasped between giggles. Hannibal released his foot and Will hopped up and took off for the bathroom. Hannibal sat on the bed with a self satisfied smirk on his face. Will jumped on the bed and tickled Hannibal's sides, "Payback!"

Hannibal was laughing so hard he was gasping, "I give! I give!"

Will sat back on his heels smiling. Hannibal stopped to really admire Will's face. The way his curls framed his face and how his sea blue eyes made the room seem a thousand times brighter. Hannibal quickly averted his gaze when he realized he was staring.

Will kissed his cheek then crawled under the comforter. Hannibal pulled the blanket back just far enough to return the cheek kiss then dropped the blanket again. Will flipped the blanket back, pulled Hannibal down, then pulled the blanket over both of them. Hannibal sighed and pulled Will to him, "I won't bite."

Will nipped Hannibal's chest softly, "I will"

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About a year later,

Will had a part angel, part demon baby. She was definitely more angel though with her downy black wings -that weren't good for much accept dusting the floor and tickling noses. She had most of hell wrapped around her finger by the age of two months.

Will and Hannibal were fully mated and everyone respected that, even if Will was an angel. Hannibal soften up the longer he was around Will. Some mornings the demon would wrap himself in Will's wings and ask Will if they could just stay in bed all day. Then Lily would start to cry softly and Will would climb out of bed and make her a bottle. Hannibal wrap himself around the pair, petting Lily's wings. Will laughed when her wings fluffed out in response.

"Why do they do that?" Hannibal asked curiously.

"Response to stimuli," Will laughed. Hannibal ran a hand through Will's wings frowning when nothing happened. Will laughed, "We learn to control it, about the same time we learn to fly"

"Flying?" Hannibal whispered.

"Yes, she'll learn to fly at some point," Will turned his head to kiss Hannibal's cheek. Hannibal sighed, "That sounds dangerous"

Will laughed so hard his eyes watered, "You torture people and you think flying is dangerous!?"

"It's hard to imagine her walking or flying and being out in the world not just swaddled up in our arms," Hannibal sighed. Will turned around and tucked Lily in the demon's arms and handed him the bottle. Hannibal tilted his head and stuck the bottle back in her mouth. Will kissed both their cheeks, "I'm going to shower"

Lily pushed the bottle away when she was done and pulled on Hannibal's tee shirt. Hannibal tucked her against his chest and hummed something his mother taught him as a young child. Lily cooed and yawned. Hannibal laughed, "Tired?"

She cooed again. Hannibal sat in their indoor hammock and rocked it.

When Will came into check on them both his mate and his daughter were sound asleep. Will crawled in with them, his whole world was tucked safely away in their small corner of Hell.

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